

The Siamese Twin.

Many persons who, in days gone by, have taken a lively interest in the welfare of Messrs. Chang and Eng, the celebrated Siamese Twins, are glad to learn that these gentlemen are well, and, in Mount Airy, in this (Surry) county, surrounded by their wives and children.

Mr. Eng has six and Mr. Chang five children, all of whom are apt scholars, and remarkably well behaved, manifesting the strongest possible desire to learn their lessons and to secure the good will of their teachers. They all partake strongly of the most refined Siamese cast of countenance, form and manner of deporting themselves. In truth they are the credit to their parents, and to the community in which they live.

Messrs. Chang and Eng are alike remarkable for their industry and belligerent disposition. They are strict and thorough good business men, and was to the unfortunate man who would insult them.

Formerly they resided in Williams county, but in consequence of the numerous attacks for assault and battery brought against them in the county, they removed into the adjoining county, shortly after which they were fined \$15 and costs at Rockford, the county seat for splitting a board into splinters over the head of a man who had insulted them.

As regards the supposed sympathy existing between them, it may be stated that their most intimate acquaintances deem the

to be entirely independent of everything that might befall him, and to give us instances to sustain his opinion; that not long since they were attended an auction sale of hogs, and bid against each other till they ran up the price together above the market rates. At another occasion Mr. Eng or Chan was taken ill, and he took to his bed, where he lay complaining for some time, although his brother scolded him severely all the while for detaining him in bed when he ought to have been attending to the business of the plantation.

On another occasion, as they were passing up the road, a gentleman inquired of them where they were going—whereupon Mr. Eng replied, "I am going over the Big Bridge in a stage;" at the same instant Mr. Chang, looking over his shoulder, replied with an arch smile, "I am going back home to look after our wives and children."

When questioned about their mother some time since by an acquaintance, they stated that they had formerly received letters from her, but lately they had heard no tidings of her and even if they were to receive letters from her, written in the Siamese language, they would not be able to read them, as they had forgotten their mother tongue.

They are excellent hands to carry up the corner of a log house—exceeding all the neighbors in cutting saddles and potches

former negro both of them wielding the axe with a power and dexterity superior to any of the most expert wood-cutters in the mountain country. When they chop or fight they do so double handed; and in driving a horse or chastising their negroes, both of them use the lash without mercy.

A gentleman who purchased a black man some time ago from them, informed the writer he was "the worst whipped negro I ever saw."

They are inveterate smokers and chewers of tobacco—each chewing his quid and smoking his own pipe; it has been remarked, however, in support of the sympathy supposed to prevail throughout their system, that as a general rule, when one takes a fresh quid, the other does the same. It is also generally admitted that there is a marked difference in the systems and temperaments of the gentlemen, but still they almost invariably draw the same reference from topics submitted to their consideration, and arrive at similar conclusions. Mr. Eng not unfrequently gives serious offence to Mr. Chang by jesting him about his having one more child than he has. When shooting, (as sport is very fond of,) one sights or takes aim, the other, it is said, pulls the trigger; now if this is so, it would go far to corroborate the doctrine of sympathy existing between the brothers, but it is questioned by most of the neighbors.

They readily admit, and acknowledge,

themselves to entertain a strong Christian faith, or belief, and are regular attendants at church and other religious meetings, where they deposit themselves as becoming good citizens of the land of their adoption. They are not, as some politicians, and take a lively interest in all the elections that occur in their district. As the writer was informed by a lady of Mount Airy, 'they are mighty apt at humbug and imposture'—rarely ever going from home unaccompanied, and are usually called away by business.—*Greenborough, N. C., Patriot.*

Excess in Exaggeration.

The late Bishop Hedding used to tell an anecdote of a resident in his Episcopal care, strikingly illustrating the despotic power of long indulgence in bad habit. At one of the conferences where he presided a young preacher was charged with indulging too great exaggeration. He was not said to be guilty of positive falsehood, but he was charged too freely from the pulpit to say, 'the truth shall make you free.' It is enough, he said, to tell all the seminary students, and frequently did all the mischief of his life. The young man was sentenced to be publicly admonished by the Chair. He stood up in the presence of brethren, and thanked the Bishop, with great kindness, pointed out the evil resulting from the habit. After hearing him through, the accused bade in tears to be excused, and requested permission to say a few words. He was then commenced by a candid acknowledgment of his fault, and thanked the Bishop.

"I regret it, said he, as much as you do," he said, "and I am sure you are right. I have been forewarned, by night and by day, I have been forewarned on account of it, and I can truly say it has already caused me to *shed barrels of tears*."

☛ Hear how the editor of the Vermont Patriot talks to the borrowing individual: "Go a paper to church!" "Yes, sir; here's a paper for you." "Would you please give me one of these?" "Would you please take it regularly?" "I would, but I can't too!" "That man has just come from the circus, which cost him fifty cents last time from his farm, fifty cents; having borrowed from the small, at least fifty cents—making a dollar and half actually thrown away!" "I am sorry to say, sir, that is a warning, and I am sure you will be good to pay for it." "That's what we call 'saving at the expense of losing at the bung hole'."